



It's time



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Chapter 1 by Sabrina Hrosz

"No..." Delilah whispered, staring at her younger sister twitch and convulse. It horrified the 16 year old girl, to watch her own sister die.

The young 7 year old blonde twitched and shook. Her body bent in strange angles, her bones snapped and went back to normal. The white foam leaked out of her mouth, it was going everywhere. Her once happy blue eyes, were now dull.

Delilah didn't make a move to run, she wanted to help her sister. Even if the petite creature was technically dead, Delilah believed she had a chance to save her.

She didn't want her own sister to become a zombie.

So, determined, Del sat down and waited until the convulsion stopped.

She waited and waited.

'Night time!' The brunette thought.

Getting up, the girl grabbed her own two pistols and waited for the newly dead monster to move.

It's finger twitched.

She shot.

The creature was no longer her sister. See more of Story Wars

Chapter 2 by R

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That was true, but it didn't stop her from vomiting in the bushes nearby as soon as the act was done. It had been the right thing, and she knew it, but there was a sickness in her stomach and a sickness in her heart.

Her sister was dead. She had been supposed to protect her from all of this, yet it was her fault this had happened. She'd been a hero, and her sister had wanted to be a hero too.

Carefully, she set fire to the zombie corpses littered around her, standing there for a while to make sure that they burned through, so that no animal would eat the remains and turn as well.

When she stamped out the fires, there was nothing left of her sister's body but ash and bone.

Delilah clutched at the necklace around her neck, the one her sister had given her only days ago, and sent a silent wish up towards the sky, on her sister's behalf.

Then, she heard the crunch of the leaves, the non-breathing moans, and it was moments before she was climbing up a tree to find where the zombie or zombies were coming from.

Three of them, different directions. They had smelled her, then, or the fire.

Showtime.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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